

THE 1974 NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK



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NIGHTMARE



AND HORROR-MOOD ARTISTS INCLUDE: THE WYSTERLAIN THE F.C.

NIGHTMARE



NIGHTMARE



NIGHTMARE



THE BEST TALES OF
VAMPIRES WEREWOLVES AND GHOULS
IN ILLUSTRATED HORROR!

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

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A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE
MACABRE COLLECTOR'S ISSUE
NIGHTMARE
YEARBOOK

edited by ALAN HEWETSON

1974

cover artist: SEGRELLES
contributors:

LEN BROWN MAELO CINTRON

DENNIS FUJITAKE CARLOS GARZON BRUCE JONES

BOB MARTIN DOUG MOENCH RALPH REESE

JERRY SEIGEL TOM SUTTON DOUG WILDEY

psychotic contents

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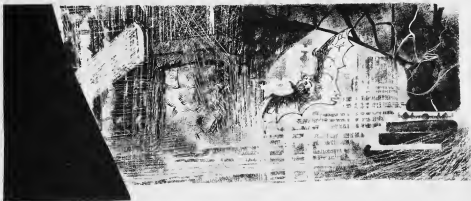
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WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY BOB MARTIN





WHEN THOSE
MOROKS BURNED-
OUT THIS CASTLE
THEY KILLED A
NOBLE STRUCTURE...

...THEY KILLED
CULTURE AND
HERITAGE--
SOMETHING THEY
DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

...BETTER EVERY
SINGLE MAN AND CHILD
DIE THAN A
MANSION SUCH
AS THIS...



PROUD AND NOBLE
HOME-- I WILL
REVENGE YOU...

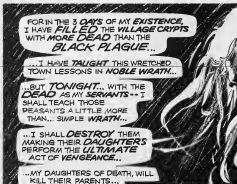
...I WILL **KILL**
THEM **ALL** ... FOR
YOU ALONE!



I HAVE BEEN ALIVE
BUT 4 DAYS, A
VAMPIRE BUT 3 DAYS...

...THE **FIRST MALE**
VAMPIRE OF ALL
EARTH OF ALL TIME...

AND I SHALL **USE**
MY POWERS TO
DESTROY MY
ENEMIES...



FOR IN THE 3 DAYS OF MY EXISTENCE,
I HAVE **FILLED** THE VILLAGE CRYPTS
WITH **MORE DEAD** THAN THE
BLACK PLAGUE...

...I HAVE **TAUGHT** THIS WRETCHED
TOWN LESSONS IN **NOBLE WRATH**...

...BUT **TONIGHT**... WITH THE
DEAD AS MY **SERVANTS**-- I
SHALL TEACH THOSE
PEASANTS A LITTLE MORE
THAN... **SIMPLE WRATH**...

...I SHALL **DESTROY** THEM
MAKING THEIR **DAUGHTERS**
PERFORM THE **ULTIMATE**
ACT OF **VENGEANCE**...

...MY DAUGHTERS OF DEATH, WILL
KILL THEIR PARENTS...



THE GOD OF THE DEAD

©1994 S&W J.

THESE GRAVES
ONLY **DAYS** AGO DID
NOT EVEN **EXIST**...

... RATHER
REMARKABLE
AND **PROFOUND**
WHEN I THINK
OF IT...

TO THINK THAT
I, LIKE A HUMAN
SEED, CAN SPREAD
MYSELF¹ OVER ALL THE
EARTH, AND CAN
POTENTIALLY ENSLAVE
3 MILLION WOMEN,
MORE OR LESS...

... **REMARKABLE**
AND **PROFOUND.**

RISE UP MY
DEAD THINGS...

... **RISE UP AND**
OUT YOUR
MAUSOLEUMS...
YOUR MASTER
DEMANDS IT...

COME TO ME NOW... MY BEAUTIFUL
BIVY OF DEAD ONES...

...COME
TO MY
ARMS...



NOW AS YOUR
GENERAL, I WILL
LEAD YOU INTO
THE PLACES OF
YOUR BIRTHS...

...AS AN
ARMY OF
THE DEAD...

...EACH ONE
OF YOU UNTO HIS
OWN HOME--WHERE
WITHOUT REGARD FOR
BLOODLINES--YOU
SHALL **KILL**...



...HELLO
FATHER...

E-EVANGELINE!!



...HELLO...



NOW BRING
THEM TO ME, MY
CHILDREN...

...BRING YOUR
HALF-DEAD,
TORMENTED
PARENTS TO
ME...

CALM
MYSELF?

WHY SHOULD I
CALM MYSELF
WHEN YOU MEAN TO
MURDER MY
VILLAGE-- WHEN YOU
HAVE ALREADY
KILLED BRUTALLY,
ALL OUR
CHILDREN!!

WHAT SORT OF
MONSTER ARE YOU?
YOU TAKE THE LIVES OF
OUR CHILDREN, OUR MOST
IMPORTANT REASON FOR
BEING, AND WHEN WE
BURY THEM YOU DIG THEM
OUT OF THEIR GRAVES
AND ENSLAVE THEM
TO YOUR WRETCHED
WILL...

CALM
YOURSELF
BURGERMASTER...

THAT WAS
QUITE A PRETTY
LITTLE SPEECH
BURGERMASTER...

SO... IT IS *ME*
YOU TRY TO IMPRESS--
WELL, YOU DON'T
IMPRESS ME, YOU
DON'T GENT MY ARMOUR
IN ANY WAY...

...YOU DON'T EVEN
AMUSE ME...

...BUT... YOU *WILL* AMUSE
ME... YOU WILL CERTAINLY
SERVE AT LEAST ONE
PURPOSE!

...WHO ARE YOU
TRYING TO IMPRESS? ME?
OR YOUR 'FELLOW
VILLAGERS'? FOR THEY, IT IS
OBVIOUS, ARE NOT
IMPRESSED BY YOUR
MELODRAMATIC READING...

...THEY... IT IS OBVIOUS, ARE
READY TO LIE DOWN AND DIE,
OR AT THE VERY LEAST,
SUBJUGATE THEMSELVES
COMPLETELY TO ME...

THIS, I TAKE IT BURGMASTER
IS YOUR FAMILY SURROUNDING
YOU...

...AND IS IT NOT ALSO TRUE THAT THIS
GIRL ON MY ARM, WHOM YOU ONCE CALLED
MAGDELINE, WHO IS NOW AN UNDEAD
SLAVE TO ME, WHO IS NOW NO MORE A PART
OF YOU OR AN OFFSPRING OF YOU THAN--
THAN I AM... IS IT NOT TRUE YOU
FEAR HER?

FEAR HER?...
WHY SHOULD I
FEAR MY OWN
DAUGHTER...

YOU **STILL** CLAIM
HER AS YOUR DAUGHTER?
WELL, YOU SHOULD FEAR HER
FOR THE SAME REASON THE
OTHER VILLAGERS NOW FEAR
THEIR DEAD DAUGHTERS...

...BECAUSE--SHE IS MORE DEAD
THAN NOT... MORE EVIL THAN NOT...
MORE GROTESQUERY IS IN HER
HEART NOW THAN YOU IN YOUR LIFE
HAVE EVER IMAGINED...

MAGDELINE--
DO YOU KNOW
WHO THIS MAN
IS?

...NO... I
KNOW ONLY
YOU!

...KILL HIM GIRL...
THEN THIS WHOLE
FAMILY... DRAIN THEIR
VEINS DRY... DO NOT
LET THEM CONTINUE
TO BREATHE... EVEN
IF UNDEADS...

DAUGHTER!

...OH YOU OLD FOOL--
YOU WILL ACCOMPLISH NOTHING
BY DEMEANING YOURSELF
THIS...

MAGGY...
I'M YOUR
FATHER... DON'T
YOU KNOW
ME, LITTLE
ONE...

...KILL THEM...

...NO...







...SUCH A
LITTLE CROSS... I...
DON'T SEE HOW IT
CAN HAVE AN EFFECT
SUCH AS THIS?... I...
DON'T UNDERSTAND...

...**DRACULA DIES** AS ABRUPTLY AS HE WAS BORN, IN AN INSTANT.

...IN AN INSTANT OF **EVIL** HE WAS BORN...
...IN AN INSTANT OF **GOOD** HE DIED...

...IN AN ABRUPT, CHAOTIC INSTANT THE FORCES OF **GOOD**
SLIPPED THROUGH **DRACULA'S EVIL DEFENCES**, BUT THO
THE **FORCES OF GOOD** WERE **PHYSICALLY SMALL**,
THEY WERE **PHILOSOPHICALLY GREAT AND POWERFUL**...

...SO, WHAT NOW CAN BE SAID OF THE **GOD OF ALL THE DEAD**...
HIS SUCCESSORS, ALL THOSE WHO **CALL THEMSELVES**
DRACULA BUT WHO, OF COURSE, **ARE NOT DRACULA**, WILL
NEVER LIVE UP TO THE **CARNAGE AND DEATH** THE **TRUE**
PRINCE OF DARKNESS PERFORMED WITHIN A MERE **FOUR**
DAYS...

...SO, WITHOUT BEING FACETIOUS, DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU READ,
DEAR READER... THE **DRACULAS** YOU READ ARE NOT, MERELY
PHONIES, THEY ARE **INSIGNIFICANT PHONIES**--FOR THEIR
'ADVENTURES' ARE **DULL-WITTED**, AND THEIR 'POWERS'
ARE **LIMITED**...

...THERE WAS ONLY **ONE DRACULA**, ONLY **ONE PRINCE OF**
DARKNESS. A CORRUPT SAD MONARCH NAMED **VLAD THE**
IMPALER, WHO ROSE OUT OF HIS GRAVE TO BECOME THE
FATHER OF ALL VAMPIRES, WHO LIVED A MISERABLE **FOUR**
DAYS BEFORE HE WAS CONQUERED BY A **CHILD**...

A CHILD WHO DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING...





THE SAGA OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

THE ILLUSTRATED
HORROR MASTERPIECE
BY

ARCHAIC **ALAN HEWETSON**
MACABRE **MAELO CINTRON**

Returning to the HORROR-MOOD pages after an absence of a few issues, due to sickness (the artist Cintron, was in an Asylum!) THE HUMAN GARGOYLES is again capturing the hearts of readers and critics alike! Often hailed as the single most important character - series in the entire HORROR-MOOD, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are here to stay.

This month (on sale now) they appear in

PSYCHO

(due to NIGHTMARE being a SPECIAL YEARBOOK this month) next month, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES return to

NIGHTMARE

August - on sale June 27 - miss 'em not —

— and eagerly await the special cover story coming up soon —

DRACULA is alive (?) AND Evil in THIS 1974 NIGHTMARE YEAR BOOK

This is the NIGHTMARE YEAR-BOOK, featuring oddly gathered goodies from the first 6 issues of PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, plus an all-new, all-original tale of horror-by-brand-new Horror-Mood-team artist Bob Martin — DRACULA — GOD OF THE DEAD!

Emotionally-disturbed ED FERRY is presently working on some of the most bizarre tales of his career — like WHO ARE THEY? THE BEEDEERS, to be illustrated by LUIS COLLAQO, and THE CLAWS OF DEATH, to be illustrated by Lew, and Spanish CAMERIZO — both will appear soon in the HORROR-MOOD pages!

Mr. Edward Augustine Funnell, meanwhile, is busy on his terror-tales: WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD WOUNDS, and DUNGEON OF THE DAMNED; both to be illustrated by popular Horror-MOOD illustrator, LURID LUIS COLLADO. Russell's tale: DOWN TO HADES TO DIE! will be illustrated by another new Mood-team artist PUIGAGUT, an artist as interesting as his late-babe name!

ARCHAIC AL, Dawdee archa-grammatical dweeb, is drafting a few tales of suspense for your horror entertainment — like KILL, KILL, KILL, KILL, AND KILL AGAIN, to be illustrated by FERRAN COSTILES, and THE MUMMY KHAFRI, a brand new character planned for the first issue of TOMB OF HORROR, and to be illustrated by CESAR LOPEZ, the artist for our new regular FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER saga!

... strange correspondence from beyond the grave (it should seem), sent to us by GARY ANDERSON of Tulsa, Oklahoma — "I recently read Nightmare #18 and I found that one of my personajists, Chris Flores wrote a letter to your magazine. Yes,

I did say one of MY descend-ants. You see my life didn't actually end in 1849; in fact it was my birth into a new life! In reality, so put it in a word, I was 'reincarnated'! But not as a dog, cat, horse, or another lowly beast; in a way I was lucky, I was reincarnated as a person, so I can do further writings. With my second life I'm going to try to do every-thing I couldn't in my first, and I wish to thank you people at Skywald Publishing for making me feel that my first life wasn't a total waste after all by print- ing some of my writings, even if you do change them a bit. I already had one of my first works of my second life printed in one of your magazines — it appeared in the 1973 Nightmare Winter Special. I was writer number 6 of your gargoyle egg contest. I signed it Gary W. Anderson, which is the name

people call my second embod-iment. I'll be writing to you again sometime but for now my thanks for your great work on my behalf.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Writing under the head of GARY W. ANDERSON.

Drop us a line and let us know how you enjoyed this NIGHTMARE YEARBOOK — fit in the little coupon so we know which is your favorite story — so we can aim to please you in the future! And just in case we forgot don't forget to check the HORROR-MOOD stewards for

my favorite story this issue is:

comment:

name:

address:

city n° other:

mail to: SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

PSYCHO #20 and SCREAM
#1 now on sale.

R.I.P.

ARCHAICAL

THE
HUMAN
GARGOYLES

appear in

PSYCHO

now on sale!
-miss it not!



...SHE HAD BEEN SEIZED BY EPILEPSY
AND HAD FAINTED-DEAD IN THE SIGHT
OF THE SERVANT-GIRL...

...WE BURIED BERENICE
IN THE FAMILY PLOT IN
THE CASTLE GROUNDS
THE FOLLOWING DAY...

...I THEN WENT
TO THE LIBRARY--
AND DID NOT LEAVE
FOR SEVERAL DAYS...
ALL THE TIME I
MERELY THOUGHT OF
HER...AND OF HER TEETH...
OF HER TEETH THAT
POSSESSED ME...

BERENICE SCREAM

The masterpiece of Horror by ED-
GAR ALLAN POE
is now on sale at your horror-mood
newsstand — the tale of a man
driven mad by his passion and love
for a girl — even after the grave! —
illustrated by
rené RICARDO VILLAMONTE!





DEAL

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
BRUCE JONES



THE BROILING DESERT SUN BEAT DOWN RELENTLESSLY ON THE SMALL ENCAMPMENT TENT NESTLED SECURELY BESIDE THE SHIMMERING OASIS. WITHIN ITS CANVAS CONFINES THE OLD MAN'S VOICE BROKE THE HEAVY SILENCE OF THE WASTELANDS.

FELIX TOWNSEND PULLED THE HEAVY DESERT BOOTS ON WITH A GROAN AND ADDRESSED HIS YOUNG NEPHEW PETER WITH AN AGED SMILE...

ACCORDING TO THE MAP THAT OLD PROSPECTOR SOLD ME, THE MINE IS ABOUT FIVE DAYS JOURNEY FROM HERE!

YOU SENILE OLD GOAT, ANY FOOL KNOWS THAT "LOST MINE" ROUTINE IS THE OLDEST CON GAME IN THE WORLD...AND YOU PAID FIFTY BUCKS FOR THE MAP...

THE AGING UNCLE'S WRINKLED HAND OPENED HIS FIELD JACKET AND PATTED THE SHEATH OF PAPERS IN ITS LINING. HE NODDED AT PETER...

YOU'VE BEEN GOOD COMPANY TO AN OLD MAN THESE LAST FEW YEARS, PETER. I'M SHOWING MY APPRECIATION BY REMEMBERING YOU IN MY WILL!

MAP OF REGION

PETER STARED HUNGRILY AT THE PAPERS. HE'D WAITED MONTHS JUST TO HEAR THOSE WORDS. THE LONG HOURS OF BOREDOM WITH HIS UNCLE HAD PAID OFF...

OUR JOURNEY WILL BE MADE ON FOOT, PETER. THE TERRAIN IS TOO ROUGH FOR ANY VEHICLE.

THE WATER HOLES ARE SPACED ALMOST EXACTLY A DAY APART! WE HAVE ONE CANTEEN APIECE. BE SURE TO RATION YOUR WATER ACCORDINGLY...

PETER HAD SHRUGGED IN AGREEMENT. HE FIGURED THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T LAST THREE HOURS IN THE SWelterING HEAT AND WOULD ABANDON THE CRAZY SCHEME BEFORE THE DAY WAS OUT. BUT THE WITHERED DESERT RAT PROVED HEALTHIER THAN HIS NEPHEW HAD ANTICIPATED AND IT WAS PETER WHO STUMBLED TO HIS KNEES IN EXHAUSTION BY MID-AFTERNOON...


GET UP, BOY! WE CAN'T STOP NOW! I TOLD YOU TO CONSERVE YOUR WATER...

I'M DYING! HAVEN'T HAD A DRINK IN THREE HOURS... C-CAN'T MAKE IT!

THERE... UP AHEAD! IT'S THE FIRST OASIS!



SO IT WENT. AT THE END OF EACH SCORCHING DAY A SHIMMERING POOL OF LIFE-GIVING WATER LAY WAITING FOR THEIR THIRSTY BELLIES AND EMPTY CANTEENS. BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE THIRD OASIS, PETER'S PATIENCE AND STRENGTH WERE WEARING THIN...



WHY SHOULD I WAIT?
I'LL BE AN OLD MAN
MYSELF BY THE TIME HE
KICKS THE BUCKET. IF
I PLANNED IT **RIGHT**
IT WOULD LOOK LIKE
AN **ACCIDENT!**



IS THAT
YOU, NEPHEW--
UHHH!


WHO
ELSE YOU
STUPID OLD
FOOL!



PETER!
WHY?...

BECAUSE
I'M **TIRED**
OF WAITING,
UNCLE
FELIX!

HIS CANTEEN!



PETER STRUCK THEN, AGAIN
AND AGAIN WITH THE JAGGED
ROCK, UNTIL THE CLEAR DESERT
POOL MUDDIED CRIMSON AND
THE OLD MAN'S LIFE EBBED
AWAY IN A FEEBLE TRAIL OF
BUBBLES. A BRIGHT GLINT OF
METAL WINKED AT PETER FROM
BENEATH THE RIPPING SURFACE.

PETER REACHED DOWN AND LIFTED THE
SHINY RECEPTACLE FROM THE QUIET FORM...

YOU WON'T NEED THIS NOW,
UNCLE. AND IT'LL MAKE THE
RETURN TRIP **TWICE** AS
EASY ON ME!



BY MID-AFTERNOON OF THE NEXT DAY PETER WAS GREEDILY EMPTYING HIS OWN CANTEEN INTO HIS DUSTY GULLET. IT SEEMED TWICE AS HOT NOW AS THE DAY BEFORE...

BLASTED
HEAT! GOOD
I'VE GOT
PLENTY OF
WATER!



THERE
SHE IS! AND
IT'S ABOUT
TIME!

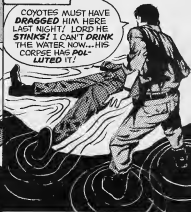


THE COOLING WATER HAD ALMOST TOUCHED HIS LIPS WHEN SOMETHING CAUGHT HIS ATTENTION FROM THE CENTER OF THE OASIS. THE BLOATED PULPY FIGURE BOBBED TO THE SURFACE AND STARED HIDEHOUSLY AT HIM WITH EIGHTLESS EYES...PETER SCREAMED...

UNCLE FELIX!
MY GOD! HOW IN
THE NAME OF HADES
DID HE GET HERE?



COYOTES MUST HAVE
DRAGGED HIM HERE
LAST NIGHT! LORD HE
STINKS! I CAN'T DRINK
THE WATER NOW...HIS
CORPSE HAS POL-
LUTED IT!



I'VE STILL GOT HIS
CANTEEN! I CAN MAKE
IT ON THAT!...TRAVEL BY
NIGHT! YOU OLD VULTURE.
I'M NOT LICKED YET!



SO HE WALKED INTO THE FREEZING DESERT NIGHT. HIS UNCLE'S CANTEN SWINGING BESIDE HIM. BY SUNRISE THE LAST OF THE PRECIOUS WATER HAD PASSED OVER HIS FINGERED LIPS... HE SEARCHED THE HORIZON DESPERATELY!



THAT'S IT!
I'D BETTER BE
ON THE RIGHT
TRAIL!



THE OASIS!
THERE IT IS!



THE REEKING SLIME-COVERED HEAD FLOATED LAZILY IN THE WATER, ITS ROTTED FLESH FILLING THE DESERT AIR WITH STOMACH-CHURNING ODOR, TAINING THE COOL LIQUID AROUND IT WITH PUTRESCENCE. PETER SHUDDERED, CHOKING BACK HIS VOMIT...

HIS HEAD BEGAN TO SWIM AS THE GROTESQUE FACE DANCED BEFORE HIM, GRINNING IDIOTICALLY...



THIS CAN'T
BE HAPPENING! I'M
GOING MAD FROM
THIRST! THAT'S IT!
HE'S A MIRAGE!

BUT INSIDE, HE KNEW THE HORRIBLE THING IN THE OASIS WAS AS REAL AS THE DUST ON HIS SWOLLEN TONGUE. HE WIPED THE SWEAT FROM HIS FOREHEAD WITH A SHAKING HAND AND TURNED BACK TOWARD THE DESERT...



GOT TO MAKE
IT TO THE LAST
WATER HOLE BEFORE
HE GETS THERE...
GOT TO BEAT HIM!

WEAK WITH THIRST AND EXPOSURE, PETER STRUGGLED DESPERATELY FOR THE ENCAMPMENT TENT MILES AWAY AND THE FINAL OASIS BESIDE IT. MERCIFULLY THE SKY DARKENED, BLOTING OUT THE SUN. THEN TO HIS HORROR HE REALIZED IT WAS A...



PETER FASTENED HIS BANDANA ABOUT HIS FACE AND PUSHED INTO THE BLINDING, WHIRLING SAND. IT WAS THEN HE NOTICED THE DIM SILHOUETTE MOVING ALONG BESIDE HIM...



HE SQUINTED INTO THE HOWLING GALE AND DREW CLOSER TO THE STUMBLING FIGURE. FROM OUT OF THE SWIRLING STORM LOOMED THE HORRID MUTILATED FACE...



THE ROTTED TEETERING THING WAS KEEPING PACE WITH HIM, CHUNKS OF DECAYING FLESH AND MAGGOTY BONE FALLING FROM ITS STUMBLING HULK, LEAVING A TRAIL OF RANCID GORE BEHIND IT...



PETER DROVE HIMSELF ON THE QUAKING LEGS, A COLD FEAR CLUTCHING HIS HEART...



SEEMINGLY YEARS LATER, THE STORM ABATED. PETER, CRAWLING ON BLOODED HANDS AND KNEES, GAZED ABOUT HIMSELF DELIRIOUSLY...

WAS IT AN HALLUCINATION?
DID I JUST IMAGINE--
WHAT'S THIS? TRACKS!
GOD, IT'S AHEAD
OF ME!

THE LAST OF HIS
WILL FADING, PETER
SCRAMBLED CRAZILY
ACROSS THE BURNING
SAND, PASSED THE
GRINNING HORROR,
AND FELL HEADLONG
INTO THE RELIEF-
GIVING POOL....

SCOOPING FRANTICALLY WITH TORN FINGERS HE
FILLED HIS ACHING STOMACH WITH THE COOLING
LIQUID UNTIL HIS GUTS BURNED AND LUNGS
BEGGED FOR AIR... THEN HE LAY GIGGLING
QUIETLY...

HEH...HEH...HEH!

WITH A STRENGTH BORN OF MADNESS, PETER
PUSHED UP AND HOBBOLED AFTER THE GRISLY TRAIL
LEFT BY THE THING. MILES LATER, HE FOUND IT,
TRUDGING RELENTLESSLY ON, FILLING THE ACRID
AIR, WITH ITS STENCH...

IT HASN'T REACHED
THE OASIS YET!

THERE WAS A NOISE BEHIND
HIM, SHUFFLING OF DRY DE-
CAYED FEET. PETER, TURNED
IN TIME TO SEE THE CORPSE
OF HIS UNCLE TOPPLING INTO
THE OASIS...

HA-HA! I WON,
YOU BLOATED HORROR!
I'VE HAD MY DRINK
ALREADY...HEH-HEH...
I BEAT YOU!

REVIVED NOW, FLUSHED WITH VICTORY, PETER WALKED ON UNSTEADY LEGS TO THE SHADE OF THE TENT AND THREW OPEN THE FLAP. IT TOOK A MOMENT FOR HIS EYES TO ADJUST THEMSELVES TO THE DARKNESS WITHIN, THEN HE ENTERED...

WITH SHAKING FINGERS HE WITHDREW THE SHEATH OF PAPERS FROM THE OLD MAN'S JACKET AND OPENED IT...

AT LAST... ALL MINE!

WHA... THIS ISN'T A WILL... IT'S A MEDICAL REPORT!

LAVARNE RESEARCH

MR. FELLY TOWNSEND
428 CHILPANA LANE
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

DEAR MR. TOWNSEND:

THIS IS TO CONFIRM EARLIER PROGNOSIS OF YOUR CONDITION. AFTER EXTENSIVE TESTS OUR FINDING INDICATE MARKED IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR DISEASE WHICH TOOK CONTROL SOME MONTHS AGO

LEPROSY!
HIS CANTEEN!
I... I DRANK FROM HIS--

-- C... CANTEEN...

AGGH-H-HH!

ACF LOTION

The END

Let the Dreamer Beware



WRITTEN BY JERRY SEIGEL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH REESE 25

SOME PEOPLE ARE CURSED
WITH LEPROSY...

HE IS PAYING
BITTERLY FOR
THE SINS OF
A HUNDRED
REINCARNA-
TIONS!

I BEG
YOU...
ALMS...

KEEP
AWAY!

IT IS WHISPERED THAT A
CERTAIN UNFORTUNATE MAN
EXISTS WHO IS CURSED BY
HAVING BEEN BORN WITH
HORNS...

DO YOU STILL
LOVE ME, NOW
THAT YOU KNOW
MY SECRET?

GET OUT
OF MY SIGHT
FOREVER, YOU--YOU
SPAWN OF SATAN!

NOW MEET ALEX NIMBO WHO IS
AFFLICTED WITH ONE OF THE MOST
LOATHSOME MALADIES THAT EVER
BESET MORTAL MAN--A LAZY,
NAGGING WIFE...

IF YOU THINK I'M
GOING TO DO HOUSE-
WORK FOR A NOBODY
LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZY!
SCRAPE THAT FLOOR
AND GIVE IT **THREE**
COATS OF VARNISH!

VILE, SOUR-
MOUTHED
SLAVE-
DRIVER!

OFTEN WHEN ALEX CAME HOME LATE FROM
HIS STRENUOUS JOB AT THE PAPER MILL...

YOU MEAN, I'M
NOT GOING TO HAVE
A **NOT** MEAL?

YOU CAN HEAT
THAT CAN OF
SARDINES FOR
ALL I CARE!

YOU GOT HANDS!
OPEN THE CAN!
YOU GOT TEETH?
EAT WHAT'S IN IT!

AND WHEN ALEX SWALLOWS HIS PRIDE AND SEEKS EVEN
A CRUMB OF AFFECTION...

I'M A MAN WITH NORMAL
PHYSIOLOGICAL URGES, AND
I WANT...UH...

THIS IS WHAT
YOU'LL GET...

FLORENCE, I CAN'T
GO ON LIKE THIS
MUCH LONGER!

MAYBE IT WOULD
BE BETTER FOR
BOTH OF US TO
GET A DIVORCE!

YOU AIN'T GETTIN'
NO DIVORCE
OUTTA ME, AISTER!
YOU EARN TOO
LITTLE TO PAY
MUCH ALIANY!

AND IF YOU
THINK I'M
GONNA WORK
TO SUPPORT
MYSELF WHEN
I GOT YOU
WHERE I WANT
YOU, YOU'RE CRAZY!

SPIT!



IF YOU DARE MENTION **DIVORCE** TO ME AGAIN, I'LL HAVE ONE OF MY BROTHERS BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR STUPID BODY!

AND YOU KNOW WHICH BROTHER I MEAN--PHIL, WHO JUST GOT OUT OF THE ASYLUM!

PHIL LIKES... **HURTING PEOPLE!**... I--CAN'T--STAND PAIN...



SLEEP IS SLOW IN COMING TO THE TRAPPED, EMBITTERED HUMAN BEING KNOWN AS ALEX NIMBO...



NO WAY OUT! I'M THE LEGAL PRISONER OF A LEECH!

FLORENCE IS SUCKING AWAY ANY CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS I MIGHT HAVE HAD!



I'M HUMAN! I HAVE A RIGHT TO **REAL LOVE**...



IF ONLY I COULD FIND IT...



SOMEWHERE... ANYWHERE... I'D...



I'D SACRIFICE ANYTHING...



TO...GET IT...

AS BODILY WEARINESS FORCES HIS RESENTMENTS TO DWINDLE, ONLY ALEX'S INTENSE ROMANTIC YEARNINGS REMAIN, AS SLEEP...TAKES...OVER...



A MINI-INSTANT LATER, ALEX IS AFLOAT AMIDST AN EPHEMERAL WORLD OF SENSES--DAZZLING BEAUTY...

EVERYWHERE... ABOUT ME--LOVELINESS THAT THRILLS AND INSPIRES...

PERMEATING ALL... A SUBTLE, SUBLINE FRAGRANCE THAT ENCHANTS AND EXPANDS THE SENSES! SOOTHING AWAY ALL PSYCHO-NEUROTIC SYMPTOMS...

MY HEART--MY SOUL--ARE EXPERIENCING AN ALMOST EXPLOSIVE JOY!

BORN ALONG BY A MYSTICALLY VIBRANT CURRENT, ALEX RAPIDLY OBSERVES MORE DELIGHTS...



EVERYONE IS RADIANTLY ATTRACTIVE! I SENSE THESE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE WANT ME HERE WITH THEM!

AND AS THE STRANGE CURRENT WHISKS ALEX ALONG EVER-MORE-SWIFTLY...

I SENSE I'M BEING TRANSPORTED SOMEWHERE FOR SOME VERY SPECIAL PURPOSE!

EVEN IF THIS IS ONLY A DREAM... I LOVE EVERY MARVELOUS INSTANT OF IT! BUT WHERE AM I GOING? AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

ABRUPTLY, ALEX'S FORM HALTS HOVERING BEFORE A GIGANTIC, EXOTIC BEAUTY...

I WHO AM KNOWN AS **DILEETH** HAVE BEEN WAITING LONG FOR YOU, ALEX NIMBO! I KNOW THE FULL POWER AND MAGNIFICENCE WHICH HAS BEEN REPPRESSED WITHIN YOU TOO LONG!

I'M... ENLARGING!

AND AS THE EXPANDED ALEX SOON EQUALS THE GIANTNESS IN STATURE... I HAVE HUNGRED... YEARNED... FOR YOU FOR UNTOLD ETERNITIES!

I LOVE YOU, ALEX! SUPREME! TOTALLY!

BUT WHY ME? THERE ARE SO MANY MEN IN THIS... ER... DREAM WORLD HANDSOMER THAN ME!

NO MORE QUESTIONS! HERE IN THIS EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL PLANE... YOU AND I SHARE A CHARISMATIC LOVE SO RARE... SO INFINITE... THAT WE WILL BE THE ENVY OF THE DIMENSIONAL DEITIES THEMSELVES!

YES, **DILEETH**—YES!!

THEN THE VIBRATORY CURRENT WHICH HAD BRIEFLY DWINDED, RESUMES ITS INTENSITY AND SNATCHES ALEX AWAY...

NO! NO! I'M BEING TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU! I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU EVER!

HELP ME REMAIN HERE! I BEG YOU, **DILEETH**!

YOU CAN RETURN, FOR TIME WITHOUT END, IF YOU DARE PAY THE PRICE...

NAME THE PRICE...

THE PRICE IS ABSURDLY SMALL! KILL THE FOUL-MOUTHED HARRIDAN, YOUR WIFE, FLORENCE!

BUT, IF I MURDER HER, THE LAW OF MEN WILL EXECUTE ME FOR THE CRIME!

NOT SO, BE-LOVED! ONCE THE DEED IS DONE... JUST DOZE OFF... AND YOU SHALL BE TRANSPORTED BACK TO THIS DOMAIN TO THE WAITING ARMS OF **DILEETH**!

I'LL DO IT!!

A SPIT-INSTANT AFTERWARD, ALEX OPENS HIS EYES TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A HATEFULLY SHRIEKING VOICE...

SERVE ME BREAKFAST IN BED YOU DUMBHEAD YOU!

AND USE THAT DEODORANT I MADE YOU BUY! YOU STINK!

FOR ONCE, ALEX ENJOYS OBEYING ONE OF FLORENCE'S COMMANDS...

UGH! WHAT MAKES THIS GARBAGE TASTE SO AWFUL!

QUITE POSSIBLY, THE RAT-POISON I ADDED...

GASP! I'LL TELL THE POLICE EVERYTHING--ON THE PHONE! YOU'LL BURN FOR THIS, YOU LOUSY ROTTEN MURDERER... AAARGHH...

SHE'LL BE DEAD QUICKLY!

NO FUSS, NO WORRY, ABOUT WHAT THE LAW WOULD DO TO ME! AFTER I SWALLOW A FEW OF THESE SLEEPING PILLS...

I'LL BE IN THAT GLORIOUS DREAM WORLD... REUNITED WITH DEAR LILEETH FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER...

THE PILLS DOWNED, NIMBO'S TRANSITION TO THE SLUMBER-DIMENSION OCCURS WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS...

WHY ARE THEY SMILING AT ME SO PECULIARLY? LIKE CATS... AT A MOUSE?!

GREE-YAAH! THEY'RE DEMONS WHO DISGUISED THEMSELVES INTO LOOKING BEAUTIFUL...

S- suddenly everything is CHANGING! THE ATTRACTIVE STRUCTURES ARE DEGENERATING INTO DECAYING MOULDY SLIME DRENCHED RUINS! THE INCREDIBLY HANDSOME PEOPLE...

ARE BEING ALTERED INTO UNHOLY MONSTROSITIES!

AND DILEETH! SHE'S B-BEING TRANSFORMED INTO A REPULSIVELY GHASTLY OLD CRONE!

COME CLOSER, LOVERBOY! KISS MY DECAYING LIPS BEFORE I TASTE HEE-HEE--YOUR JUGULAR VEIN!

...TO TRICK ME INTO DOING THEIR EVIL WILL!

I-I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS DREAM-WORLD OF HORROR, BACK TO THE NORMAL WORLD OF THE LIVING!



I'LL ESCAPE THE DEVILISH TRAP OF THESE GRISLY ABOMINATIONS!

THAT DAZZLING CIRCLE OF BRILLIANCE DIRECTLY AHEAD IS SOME KIND OF DOORWAY BETWEEN TWO WORLDS!



HA, HA, I GOT AWAY! YOU VILE CREATURES WILL NEVER GET ME!

UNTIL...YOU SLEEP AGAIN! WE SHALL BE WAITING-- ACCURSED FOOL!

ALEX'S AWAKENING WAS ACCOMPANIED BY AN EQUALLY RAPID IMPRISONMENT!



CONFESS...YOUR NEIGHBORS HEARD YOUR WIFE YELLING SHE WOULDN'T ACCEPT YOUR DEMAND FOR DIVORCE!

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!

BUT DAMNING!

BUT WITH THE ARRIVAL OF NIGHTFALL, ALEX'S COMPOSURE CRACKS...

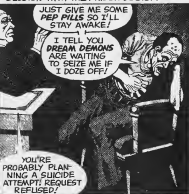


THE DREAM DEMON'S THREAT...

GIVE ME LOTS OF COFFEE! I MUST STAY AWAKE!

SHADDUP! WE DON'T CATER TO MURDERERS!

ALEX'S CONTINUED CLANOR EARNS HIM A SESSION WITH THE PRISON DOCTOR...



JUST GIVE ME SOME PEP PILLS SO I'LL STAY AWAKE!

I TELL YOU DREAM DEMONS ARE WAITING TO SEIZE ME IF I DOZE OFF!

YOU'RE PROBABLY PLANNING A SUICIDE ATTEMPT! REQUEST REFUSED!



SHORTLY, BACK IN HIS CELL...

HE'S BANGING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL AGAIN-- TO KEEP HIM AWAKE, HE SAYS!

HE PROBABLY PLANS TO COP AN INSANITY PLEA!



SOON AT THE PRISON COMMISSARY...

TRYING TO JAB A FORK INTO YOUR WRIST, HUH? FROM NOW ON, YOU EAT WITH YOUR FINGERS!

I'M NOT ATTEMPTING SUICIDE! I'M GETTING DROWSIER, BUT I DON'T DARE FALL ASLEEP!

PRESENTLY
LOCKED UP
AGAIN...

THERE ARE
INDESCRIBABLE
HORRORS LURK-
ING IN THE
DREAM DIMENSION,
YOU DAMNED
SWINE!

I NEED
COFFEE
TO STAY
AWAKE!

THEY'RE
IGNORING
ME! THE
RATS!

NIMBO'S FRENZIED EFFORT TO REMAIN
AWAKE IS A LOSING BATTLE! HIS BLOOD-
SHOT, WEARIED EYELIDS KEEP DROOP-
ING LOWER...AND LOWER YET...

RESISTANCE...
DWINDLING--SLEEP
--CREEPING IN--
WHILE DEMONS
WAIT...

ABRUPTLY, ALEX IS AGAIN
IN THE REALM OF THE
ABOMINABLE NIGHTMARE...

TH-THE NAUSEATING
EXCRESCENTS...
SLITHERING YAMMER-
INGLY IN AT ME!

HE IS
OURS!

LOVER BOY DOES
NOT SEEM PLEASED
TO SEE HIS
ADORED...HEE-HEE-
HEE...DILEETH!

INTO THE POOL
WITH THE FOOL!

SONS OF
CORRUPTION!
YOU TRICKED
ME INTO THIS
FATE!

HUR HUR
LISTEN TO THE
WHINING MURDERER!
A TYPICAL HOMO
SAPIENS
RETROGRADE!

INTO THE ACID
POOL WITH THE
CARRION!

ACID?

NEXT MORNING, IN THE CELL OF
PRISONER ALEX NIMBO...

THIS IS NUTS!
THERE'S NOTHING
HERE BUT THAT
SKELETON! IT'S
GOT NO CLOTHING
...NO FLESH...

AND THAT EVIL,
ACRID ODOR FROM
THE SKELETON
SMELLS EXACTLY
LIKE...

ACID!

YUUUUURCH!

END



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YOUR CRUEL
REIGN OF TERROR
HAS ENDED,
BARON RENPHEW!
JUSTICE WILL
SOON BE MET!



FUJITAKE '71

THE STEEL GATE SLAMS SHUT AND THE
TINKLING LAUGHTER OF THE KEYS FADES
WITH THE RECEDING LIGHT!
YET, THERE IS NO FEAR OR REMORSE ON THE
SILENT, MIRTHLESSLY SMILING COUNTENANCE
OF THE INFAMOUS BARON! YOU SEE, HE HAS
INSURED HIS SAFETY WITH AN UNEXPECTEDLY
IRONIC MEANS OF...

ESCAPE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY DENNIS FUJITAKE



THERE ARE STILL
THOSE WHO CAN BE
HAD FOR GOLD AND
IT IS WITH THEM I
WILL ESCAPE! AND...



THERE! IT WILL BE ONLY A MATTER OF
TIME BEFORE MY LACKEYS REACH
ME! GREED IS INDEED A MOTIVATOR!



A METHODICAL CHUNK, CHUNK, CHUNK,
REVERBERATES IN THE MUSTY DUNGEON
THRU THE NIGHT UNTIL...

CHUNK CHUNK CHUNK

MMPH! DIRT... THEY'RE NEARLY
THROUGH! HAH! VENGEANCE
WILL SOON BE MINE!

HURRY, YOU
FOOLS. HURRY!
HA, HA, HA, HA!

WHAT JUSTICE!
THEY NEVER EVEN
SUSPECTED! HA,
HA, HA, CHORTLE!
JUSTICE!

SHOOK

HA, HA, HA!
MY REVENGE
WILL BE TRULY
SWEET
JUSTICE! MY
JUSTICE
WILL BE MET!

HA, HA, HA, AND
NOW... NO... GOD,
NO... URK!

ME, LORD?
ME, LORD?

CHUNK

WHENCE STALKED THE WEREWOLF

WRITTEN BY LEN BROWN ILLUSTRATED BY CARLOS GARZON

THE SHRILL SCREAM OF AN ANGRY WOMAN
PIERCED THE CHILLY LONDON AIR! SURVIVAL OF
THE FITTEST WAS THE LAW ON THE SEAMY SIDE
OF THE CITY AND WITH THE THE WOMEN OF THE
NIGHT WERE AT ODDS!



I'VE WARNED
YOU BEFORE ABOUT
COMING TO MY
TERRITORY, DEARIE.
NEXT TIME I SEE YOU
DOWN HERE, IT'LL BE
THE RIVER FOR
YOU!

BE OFF WITH
YOU NOW! THAT
CARRIAGE I HEAR
COMING PROBABLY
BELONGS TO ONE
OF ME CUSTOMERS!
AND JUST KEEP A
MIND ON WHAT I
TOLD YOU, DO YOU
HEAR ME?

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
I BLOODY WELL
HEARD YOU!

THERE'S NO RESPONSE FROM THE
RIDER. NOT WISHING TO LOSE A
POTENTIAL CUSTOMER, THE YOUNG
WOMAN LEANS INTO THE CARRIAGE,
DISPLAYING MORE THAN A CASUAL
CHARM.

YOU'RE A
SHY ONE,
CAPTAIN. REALLY
THERE'S NOTHING
TO BE AFRAID OF!
I JUST...
EEE-YAH!

THE YOUNG
THING IS
AFRAID OF MY
APPEARANCE!
THAT'S A PITY...
FOR HER.

DRIVER,
GET HER!



THE FRIGHTENED GIRL FLEES, HER PANIC DRIVES HER INTO A BLIND ALLEY!

NO! NO!
PLEASE! HAVE MERCY,
PLEASE! YAAA-AAHH!



1971! THE OFFICE OF DR. ALLAN BUND, WHOSE STARTLING NEW TECHNIQUES IN PSYCHO-THERAPY HAVE MADE HIM A MOST CONTROVERSIAL FIGURE.

AND I WATCHED TRIUMPHANTLY FROM INSIDE THE CARRIAGE, AS THE HORSE'S HOOF'S MADE FAST WORK OF THE TRAMP!

INCREDIBLE STORY, DR. BUND! BUT SURELY IT'S SOME SORT OF FABRICATION!

FABRICATION? UNDER HYPNOSIS, DR. TRACY? WHAT YOU HEARD WAS A TRUE EVENT IN MY PATIENT'S LIFE!

...ONLY IT TOOK PLACE DURING A PREVIOUS LIFETIME... ONE IN WHICH HE LIVED IN ENGLAND ALMOST 100 YEARS AGO!

HMM...IF ALL OF THIS WERE TRUE, YOU'VE GOT TO REALIZE THE DANGER TO HIM! IF HIS CONSCIOUS MIND WERE TO KNOW OF HIS PAST MONSTROUS EXISTENCE...



DANGER, TRACY? HOW INSIGNIFICANT THAT DANGER BECOMES WHEN YOU REALIZE THE WEALTH OF KNOWLEDGE THAT CAN BE GAINED BY THE PSYCHIATRIC COMMUNITY!



TRUE, BUT YOU CAN'T FORGET THIS POOR SOUL!

YOU USED TO TELL ME THAT THE INDIVIDUAL BEING WAS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE IN THIS WORLD. NOW, YOU JUST SCOFF AT IT!



TRACY, MODERN SCIENCE STANDS WHERE IT IS IN 1971 BECAUSE OF SACRIFICES. THERE IS STILL ANOTHER SOUL TO SACRIFICE... SO WHAT!

ALONE WITH HIS SUBJECT, THE DOCTOR TRANSPORTS THE PATIENT BACK TO THE 19TH CENTURY AND LONDON...

...AND ONCE MORE THE SECRETS OF THE PAST ARE UNLOCKED!



EXCUSE ME, TRACY. I MUST GET BACK TO MY WORK. THERE IS SO MUCH TO DO!



VILLAGERS! THEY'VE TRACED THAT SLUT'S DEATH TO ME!



FIEND! OPEN THESE DOORS! WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE UP!

EASY, JONATHAN! WE JUST CAME HERE TO TALK TO THE BLOKE. WE KNOW NOT FOR SURE THAT HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDERS!...ONLY THE HEARSAY OF SOME TRAMP!



THAT DEVIL IS OF NO MIND TO SHOW ANY HOSPITALITY!

FETCH SOME LARGE TIMBERS! WE'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH THESE DOORS, 'FORE HE DOES US IN!

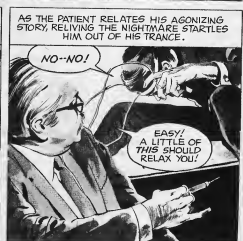


THE ATTACK BY THE CREATURE THROWS THE CITIZENS INTO A RAGE AND INCREASES THEIR DETERMINATION.

HURRY, MAN, 'FORE HE TRIES SOME NEW TRICKS!

WE'LL TEAR DOWN THIS PLACE, BUT WE'LL GET HIM!

AYE, AND SEND HIS SOUL STRAIGHT TO HELL!



AS THE PATIENT RELATES HIS AGONIZING STORY, RELIVING THE NIGHTMARE STARTLES HIM OUT OF HIS TRANCE.

NO--NO!

EASY! A LITTLE OF THIS SHOULD RELAX YOU!

I--I DON'T KNOW
IF I CAN GO **ON**,
DOCTOR. B--BEEN
HAVING DREAMS...
**TERRIBLE
DREAMS!**

**NONSENSE!
YOU'VE BEEN
DOING SPLENDID!
LIE STILL...AND
RELAX...RELAX...**

THE UNWILLING SUBJECT STARTS TO FALL
BACK INTO A RESTLESS SLEEP WHEN...

**BUND, YOU
MUST STOP
THIS MAD-
NESS!**

I AM CONDUCTING
A HIGHLY SENSITIVE
EXPERIMENT. YOU
MUST LEAVE AT
ONCE!

I HAVE NO CHOICE...
BUT, I'LL BE BACK
AND SEE TO IT THAT
THIS IS STOPPED...

THAT MEDDLING
FOOL! I'LL HAVE
TO COMPLETE MY
WORK EVEN
FASTER NOW!

HE STANDS
TO RUIN EVERY-
THING!

GO BACK IN TIME!
WATCH FOR YOUR
CASTLE...IT HAS BEEN
INVADED BY AN ANGRY
MOB!...TELL ME!

THOUGH HE TRIES TO RESIST THE
SUGGESTION, THE SUBJECT LOSES HIS
FIGHT AND ONCE MORE LOOKS BACK
UPON HIS TORTURED PAST.

HE KILLED
MY POOR
DAUGHTER!
SHE WAS AN
ANGEL!

AYE, MA'AM!
OLD BLAKE WILL
FIX IT. THERE'S A
BULLET OF **SILVER**
IN THIS RIFLE. THAT'S
THE ONLY THING WHICH
WILL STOP THE LIKES
OF HIM!



I'LL FEEL FOOLISH IF IT'S A FALSE ALARM, OFFICER! BUT DR. BUND HASN'T ANSWERED HIS TELEPHONE FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS!

WELL, HE COULD HAVE LEFT TOWN!

NO, NOT HIM. HE WAS TOO INVOLVED IN A PROJECT TO GO AT THIS TIME!

PSYCHO

THAT SCRATCHING SOUND...IT SOUNDS LIKE AN ANIMAL! WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

I'M ONLY AFRAID TO GUESS!

THE TWO MEN ENTER DR. BUND'S PRIVATE OFFICE, UNPREPARED FOR THE SCENE OF HORROR THAT MEETS THEIR EYES...

GOOD LORD!

;;GULP...BUND'S EXPERIMENTS!...I WARNED HIM!...HE PRESSED ON AND ON AND LOOK...LOOK WHAT HE HAS DONE... AND LOOK AT THAT POOR MAD FOOL!

AND THEN...

MAD! OH, NO, I'M NOT MAD, MY FRIENDS! JUST A LITTLE HUNGRY!

The
END

VITAL INFORMATION SECURED, UNDERCOVER AGENT GEORGE MARSH STALKED DOWN THE RAIN-SLICK PAVEMENTS OF THE CITY JUNGLE, INTENT ON COMPLETING THE LAST STEP OF HIS ASSIGNMENT...

NOW THAT I KNOW A LARGE SHIPMENT OF DANGEROUS NARCOTICS IS DUE TO ARRIVE TOMORROW, THE ONLY PIECE REMAINING TO THE PUZZLE IS TO FIND OUT WHERE...AND MY ANONYMOUS CONFIDANT SHOULD BE ABLE TO TELL ME THAT!

AS MARSH BEGAN TO CROSS THE WET STREET, A PARKED CAR OMINOUSLY FLASHED ON ITS HEADLIGHTS--UNNOTICED BY THE PREOCCUPIED AGENT...

I TOLD HIM TO MEET ME ABOUT THREE BLOCKS AWAY! STILL GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES--PLENTY OF TIME. I JUST HOPE HE SHOWS UP SO THIS DOPE RING CAN BE SMASHED ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THE CAR ROARED TO METALLIC LIFE, AND LURCHED FROM THE CURB...



...STRAIGHT FOR THE HUMAN TARGET PINPOINTED BY THE GLARING BEAMS OF ITS HEADLIGHTS!

GOOD LORD!
THAT CAR...!

WITH BRUTAL, BONE-JARRING FORCE, THE UNDERCOVER AGENT ABSORBED THE FULL IMPACT OF A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH THE ONRUSHING METAL JUGGERNAUT.

...AND CRUMPLED TO THE RAIN-SWEPT PAVEMENT AS THE CAR SPED OFF INTO THE ENVELOPING BLACKNESS OF NIGHT.

END OF CHAPTER THREE, EH, MR. DENNING? WELL, I LIKE IT! WHY NOT FINISH IT AND IF THE REST IS AS GOOD AS THE FIRST THREE CHAPTERS, I THINK WE CAN USE IT--FLAT RATE OF THREE THOUSAND PLUS STANDARD ROYALTIES. VERY VIVID STUFF SO FAR, MR. DENNING! AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH WORDS--I GUESS IT'S THE...

POWER of the PEN!

THANK YOU, MR. CROWLEY! GLAD YOU LIKED IT. I'LL START WORK ON THE REST TOMORROW-- SHOULD BE DONE IN THREE OR FOUR MONTHS, FOLLOWING THE OUTLINE I GAVE YOU ALONG WITH THOSE THREE-SAMPLE CHAPTERS!



TERRIFIC! IF ONLY IT WAS THIS EASY TO SELL A BOOK EVERY TIME! I'M GOING TO GO STRAIGHT HOME AND PHONE GEORGE ABOUT THE GOOD NEWS!

THAT'LL BE FINE! YOU'LL BE RECEIVING AN ADVANCE IN THE MAIL NEXT WEEK OR SO!

THANK YOU, SIR. GOOD AFTERNOON.



A HECTIC CAR RIDE THROUGH THE CITY'S LATE AFTERNOON TRAFFIC SNARL FINALLY BRINGS JEFF DENNING TO HIS MODEST APARTMENT...

WAIT!LL GEORGE HEARS I USED HIS NAME FOR THE MAIN CHARACTER IN A CRIME NOVEL WHICH HAS JUST BEEN SOLD!

I THINK HALF THE FUN OF WRITING IS INJECTING ALL THE "IN" JOKES AND USING FRIENDS AS CHARACTERS IN BIZARRE SITUATIONS!

BRING!
BRING!

HMMM... GUESS GEORGE ISN'T HOME. IT'S ODD THAT HE ISN'T--HIS WIFE USUALLY HAS DINNER PREPARED BY THIS TIME. OH WELL, I THINK I'LL GET TO WORK ON THE NEXT CHAPTER...

LET'S SEE...CHAPTER FOUR--"DEATH'S DOORWAY. GEORGE MARSH GRADUALLY AWOKES THROUGH A MISTY HAZE OF DULLED PAIN TO FIND HIMSELF HELPLESSLY CONFINED TO A HOSPITAL BED."

"ELUSIVE IMAGES DANCED BEFORE HIS UNFOCUSED VISION--THE IMAGES OF HIS WIFE AND TWO GRIM DOCTORS."

HE'S IN BAD SHAPE, MRS. MARSH. I'M AFRAID I MUST BE FRANK--HE MAY NOT PULL THROUGH!

H-HE CAN'T...D-DIE!
;SOB; YOU MUST DO SOMETHING! SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM LIVE...

WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN, MRS. MARSH. IT'S NOT UP TO US ANY MORE.

CLACK!
ACK!
CLACK!

THROUGH
THE
CRIPPLING
PAIN,
MARSH
THOUGHT
DOGGEDLY
OF ONLY
ONE
THING...

I'M SWORN TO SECRECY! IF
ONLY I COULD TELL THEM--
TELL THEM I'M AN UNDER-
COVER AGENT! IF I DIE,
MY ENTIRE ASSIGNMENT
WILL FAIL! IT'S BEING
JEOPARDIZED FURTHER
WITH EVERY MOMENT
I REMAIN IN THIS
BED...

OH, GEORGE, YOU
CAN'T DIE! YOU
JUST CAN'T...

GUESS I'LL TRY TO GET GEORGE
AGAIN--TELL HIM HE'S NEXT TO
DEATH IN MY NOVEL! HA, HA! IT'S
REALLY HARD TO IMAGINE GEORGE
BEING AN UNDERCOVER AGENT,
THOUGH!



BRIBRING!



YOU SAY HE'S DOWN AT MARTHA WASHINGTON
HOSPITAL? I'LL GET RIGHT DOWN THERE,
BONNIE! YOU JUST SIT TIGHT! I'M SURE
EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT OKAY.



H-HELLO? OH, HELLO, JEFF. NO, GEORGE ISN'T
HERE--; SOB; --JEFF, SOMETHING **TERRIBLE**
HAS HAPPENED! GEORGE WAS STRUCK BY
A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER LAST NIGHT! I
JUST GOT BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL--
T-HEY DON'T THINK HE'LL LIVE!



THIS IS **INCREDIBLE!** GEORGE MARSH,
MY FRIEND, STRUCK DOWN BY A CAR,
ON THE SAME NIGHT I WROTE ABOUT
GEORGE MARSH, THE CHARACTER
IN MY STORY, BEING HIT! IT'S
ALMOST **TOO MUCH TO BE
COINCIDENCE!**

HASTILY,
THE
DISTRAUGHT
WRITER
TAXIS
TO THE
HOSPITAL...



AFTER
SECURING
PERMISSION
FROM THE
DOCTORS
TO SEE HIS
STRICKEN
FRIEND, JEFF
BENNING
STANDS AT
THE BEDSIDE,
WITNESS TO
AN UNCANNY
CONFESSION...

J-JEFF! THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE!
I-I MUST T-TELL YOU SOMETHING
BEFORE I GO... THEY SAY I'M GONNA
DIE--AND IF I DO, A DANGEROUS
NARCOTICS RING WILL CONTINUE TO
THRIVE OFF THE MONEY OF
DESPERATELY HOPELESS PEOPLE!

WHAT??! GEORGE,
WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING? ARE YOU
DELIRIOUS?

NO, JEFF! I KNOW WHAT
I'M SAYING! I-I'M AN
UNDERCOVER AGENT...
YOU'VE GOT TO CONTACT
MY SUPERIORS--HAVE
THEM COME HERE--OR
MY DEATH WILL BE
IN VAIN!

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! EVERYTHING
I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT MY CHARACTER
WITH GEORGE'S NAME HAS ACTUALLY
HAPPENED TO GEORGE! GOTTA GET
HOME FAST!

ALL RIGHT, GEORGE,
I'LL DO IT. DON'T
YOU WORRY.

THE LIFE
OF HIS BEST
FRIEND
HANGING IN
THE BALANCE,
JEFF BENNING
RETURNS TO
HIS DEPART-
MENT AND
THE ONLY
APPARENT
MEANS OF
SALVATION
FOR GEORGE
MARSH...

IF MY WRITING SOMEHOW GOT
GEORGE INTO THIS FIX, PERHAPS
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIM
OUT! EVEN THOUGH I DON'T
SEE HOW IT CAN POSSIBLY
WORK, I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!

FEVERISHLY, THE FRANTIC WRITER RESUMES HIS NOVEL
WITH AN EFFORT NEVER BEFORE EXPENDED ON ANY OF
HIS OTHER WORKS...

I LEFT OFF WITH THE SCENE
IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM... SO, HERE GOES--AND
IT'D BETTER WORK! WHO CAN SAY WHAT IT WAS?
THE SHEER DETERMINATION OF THE TOUGH AGENT
--THE STUBBORN WILL TO LIVE--OR A MIRACLE?
BUT, WHATEVER, GEORGE MARSH FELT THE
ROILING MAELSTROM OF CONFUSION LIFT FROM
HIS MIND AS A FOG ROLLS OFF THE OCEAN...

...HIS PAIN SUBSIDED, AND HE
KNEW HE WOULD **LIVE...**



THAT SHOULD DO IT-- I
HOPE! I STILL CAN'T
BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE
THAT ALL THIS IS REALLY
...**THE PHONE!**



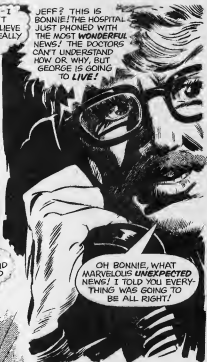
NOW TO GET DOWN
TO THE HOSPITAL AND
SEE IF THAT WORKED
ALSO!



NOW, IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I CAN
END THIS WHOLE BUSINESS WITH ONE
SENTENCE! LET'S SEE...HOWEVER,
THE INJURIES SUSTAINED IN MARSH'S
NEAR-FATAL ACCIDENT RESULTED IN
A CASE OF PARTIAL AMNESIA, PRE-
VENTING HIM FROM REMEMBERING
ANYTHING ABOUT HIS ROLE AS AN
UNDERCOVER AGENT!



JEFF? THIS IS
BONNIE! THE HOSPITAL
JUST PHONED WITH
THE MOST **WONDERFUL**
NEWS! THE DOCTORS
CAN'T UNDERSTAND
HOW OR WHY, BUT
GEORGE IS GOING
TO **LIVE!**



OH BONNIE, WHAT
MARVELOUS **UNEXPECTED**
NEWS! I TOLD YOU EVERY-
THING WAS GOING TO
BE ALL RIGHT!

WELL, GEORGE, GLAD
TO SEE YOU'RE
FEELING BETTER! I...
UH...**CONTACTED**
THEM AS YOU ASKED
ME TO.

**CONTACTED
THEM?**
CONTACTED WHO,
JEFF? WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?



GOOD! HE DOESN'T REMEMBER A THING ABOUT HIS "OTHER" LIFE! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CHANGE THE NAME OF MY CHARACTER TO A FICTITIOUS ONE AND I CAN FINISH THE BOOK!

UH, OUR FRIENDS, GEORGE! YOU ASKED ME TO CONTACT OUR FRIENDS AND TELL THEM ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT!

OH, I DID? MUST'VE BEEN DELIRIOUS, JEFF. I DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER--BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE DOCTORS SAY I CAN LEAVE TOMORROW!

AS A RELIEVED JEFF DENNING RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT...

WELL, I SURE AM GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH! THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE IT IS THAT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE TYPEWRITER!

...AND JUST SO NOTHING ELSE LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENS AGAIN--

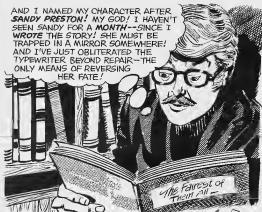
SPLANGG!

KARASHHH!

THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! THIS IS ONE TYPEWRITER THAT'LL NEVER WORK AGAIN!

GOOD LORD! I JUST REMEMBERED A FANTASY STORY I WROTE ABOUT A MONTH AGO CALLED "THE FAIREST IN THEM ALL" IN WHICH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IS IMPRISONED IN A MIRROR THROUGHOUT ETERNITY!

AND I NAMED MY CHARACTER AFTER **SANDY PRESTON!** MY GOD! I HAVEN'T SEEN SANDY FOR A MONTH--SINCE I WROTE THE STORY! SHE MUST BE TRAPPED IN A MIRROR SOMEWHERE! AND I'VE JUST OBLITERATED THE TYPEWRITER BEYOND REPAIR--THE ONLY MEANS OF REVERSING HER FATE!



DAWNING REALIZATION SERVES TO FIRE THE WRITER INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION, AND ADDS HASTY IMPETUS TO HIS RESOLVE...



MUST GET OVER TO SANDY'S APARTMENT! NO TIME TO LOSE!

REACHING THE GIRL'S EAST SIDE APARTMENT, DENNING FINDS...

NO ANSWER! JUST AS I THOUGHT! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE TO DO--



FHU-WACK!



A MONTH OF ACCUMULATED DUST COATS THE APARTMENT WITH STALE MUSTINESS, AN ATMOSPHERE WHICH COLDLY ATTESTS TO THE UTTER DESERTION OF THE PLACE...

SANDY? SANDY! ARE YOU HERE, SANDY?



...A DESERTION WHICH EXTENDS TO EVERY CORNER OF THE APARTMENT ... SAVE ONE!



THAT MIRROR! NO, IT CAN'T BE! BUT... BUT IT'S TRUE! SANDY IS...



...IMPRISONED IN THIS MIRROR! GOOD LORD! WHY DID I SMASH THAT TYPE-WRITER BEYOND REPAIR?!

EVEN AS THE SHOCKED WRITER LAMENTS HIS EARLIER ACTION, A STRANGE INEXPLICABLE FORCE SEIZES HIM AND DRAWS HIM INEXORABLY, TOWARDS THE POSSESSIVE MIRROR...

SEEMINGLY WITH SENTIMENTAL MALICE, THE MYSTERIOUS MAGNETIC POWER SUCKS HIM CLOSER AND STILL CLOSER ...UNTIL THE SUPER-NATURAL LOOKING GLASS BEGINS TO ENVELOPE HIM...

W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'M BEING FORCED TO MOVE TOWARDS THE MIRROR--CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF ...CAN'T STOP!

OH, NO! I FORGOT ABOUT THE ENDING TO THAT STORY I WROTE! THE ENDING THAT SAYS...

... anyone who should attempt to rescue the cursed girl shall join her similarly in her fate of eternal imprisonment within the mirror.

The End

AND ELSEWHERE, FIVE MONTHS LATER...

WHERE IS THAT DENNING? HE'S MONTHS OVERDUE ALREADY! WHY CAN'T I EVER FIND A WRITER WHO ISN'T TOO BUSY PARTYING ALL THE TIME TO MEET A DEADLINE!

End

WRITER BY ALAN HEWETSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM SUTTON

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH IS THE FIENDISH INFERNAL ABYSS KNOWN AS...**HELL!** ETERNALLY MAN HAS LIVED IN FEAR OF DAMNATION...THAT HIS SOUL MAY BE CAST INTO EVERLASTING TORMENT AND ODIOUS PANDEMONIUM! OUR TALE TAKES YOU ON A PERSONALLY GUIDED TOUR OF GROTTOS OF **HELL** ITSELF...FROM WHICH NONE HAVE EVER RETURNED...
SAVE FOR ONE...THE--

HAG OF THE BLOOD BASKET!

FRANCE, THE YEAR 1793...IN THE MIST OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION...ONE OF THE GALDIEST BLOODBATHS IN HISTORY. A REVOLUTION OF THE "PEOPLE" WHERE PREJUDICE HAS ITS REVENGE IN KIND...WHERE MEN, WOMEN AND EVEN CHILDREN OF NOBLE BIRTH, ARE DRAGGED IN RICKETY, LUMBERING CARTS AFTER A MOCK TRIAL, TO THEIR DEATHS AT THE BLACK HAND OF THE MERCILESS...**GUILLOTINE!**

THE GUILLOTINE... GLEAMING IN THE BLOOD DRENCHED STREETS OF PARIS, CUTS THE WRITHING HEADS OF ITS OFT-INNOCENT VICTIMS. MINDLESS, HEADLESS BUT ONLY FOR A FEW SECONDS... THEN THE GHASTLY DISFIGURED HEADS ROLL INTO A CRIMSON RECEPTACLE...**THE BLOODY HEAD-BASKET!**





IN THAT TIME OF
PERSONAL VENDETTA...
WHEN MEN USED THE
REVOLUTION TO KILL
THEIR PERSONAL
ENEMIES, STARTS OUR
TALE...AN OLD WOMAN
IS FALSELY ACCUSED
OF BEING A ROYALIST...
IN REALITY SHE WAS
BUT A SIMPLE
PEASANT...THE
WOMAN WHO HELD
THE BLOOD BASKET!



WHY?

WHY AM I
HERE IN COURT? I
AM AN OLD WOMAN...
I HAVE DONE NOTHING
...I PLAY MY PART IN
THE REVOLUTION WELL
...TELL ME WHY?



REVOLTING OLD
HAG...YOUR
PRESENCE IS
AN INSULT!

THIS COURT
HAS NO PITY
ON YOU OR
YOUR VILE
KIND!

KIND?
...KIND OF
WHAT?

WHY DO
YOU INSULT
ME?

WHAT
HAVE
I EVER
DONE
WRONG?



SILENCE HAG!
DO NOT AFFRONT
JUSTICE AGAIN
WITH YOUR VILE
MOUTH...YOU HAVE
BEEN CHARGED
BY BROTHER BENET
OF CONSORTING
WITH THE ACCURSED
ARISTOCRACY...
SAY YOUR
DEFENSE!

...AND MAKE
IT BRIEF!

THAT'S INSANITY!
BROTHER BENET
HAS TRUMPED UP
HIS CHARGE...
MERELY TO GET
RID OF ME!

HE OWES ME
MUCH MONEY...
IF I'M DEAD HE
WON'T HAVE TO
PAY ME...I
SWEAR IT!



CERTAINLY NO MERCY FROM A COURT WITH POWER DEVOID OF SANITY...AND SHE IS CONDEMNED TO BE TAKEN THE FOLLOWING DAY TO THE WAITING CLUTCHES OF THE **GUILLOTINE**...MERCILESS AND CRUEL... UNHEARING AND UNCARING...A HIDEOUS LAMPOONER OF JUSTICE!

THE EXECUTIONER STANDS BEFORE THE CROWDS OF JEERING PEASANTS, HAND GRASPING TAUGHT THE ROPE THAT HOLDS READY THE BLADE...THE CONQUERING STEEL SHAFT THAT SEVERS ANY MAN'S LIFE!

THE CROWDS LEAR AT THE CONVICTED WHO LUMBER TO THE PLATFORM FROM BLOOD-DRENCHED CARTS... CRY SHOUTS OF INSULT AND SING SONGS OF FREEDOM... DELIRIOUS IN ANTICIPATION OF THE MACABRE SLAUGHTER THAT AWAITS THEM!



FATE GLEAMS OMINOUSLY ABOVE AS THE OLD TOAD HAG WHIMPERS IN DESPAIR...LEGS GROW WEAK...HER EYES--LONG SOAKED WITH TEARS OF AGONY--ROLL, HAGGARD IN THEIR SOCKETS! AS SHE NOW FACES THE ETERNITY OF DAMNATION!



THE BLADE DROPS SUDDENLY... CUTTING THE EAR-PIERCING SCREAMS OF THE WRETCHED OLD WOMAN SPITTING HORRIBLE OBSCENITIES AT THOSE JEERING MANY WHO CONDEMNED HER TO DEATH! IN BUT A MOMENT THE HINANNY FRENZY IS OVER, THE HEAD ROLLS, EYES POPPING FROM THEIR SOCKETS...AND THE GUTTER WELCOMES THE GROTESQUE CADAVER WITH BLOOD-SODDEN COBBLESTONES! THE TOAD HAG LIES DEAD AND DECAPITATED! THE CROWD IS HUSHED IN A MOMENT OF PRECLIMACTIC REFLECTION...



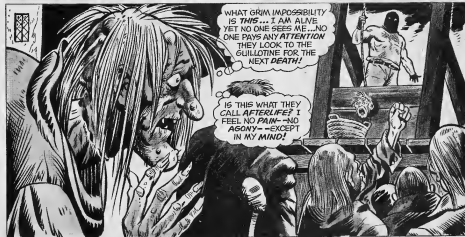
WHAT
UNHEAVENLY
JOKE IS THIS?

BUT DEATH COMES NOT EASILY. HER EYES REMAIN OPEN EVEN AS SHE LIES HELPLESS, IN PASSIVE AGONY AS THE FEET OF HER MURDERERS PASS HER BY...

SHE WATCHES IN TORTURE AS HER NOW LIMP AND LIFELESS FORM IS TOSSED LIKE GARBAGE FROM THE THRONE OF DEATH...AND WONDER... PONDER... WHY THERE IS NOT THE NOTHINGNESS OF DEATH SHE EXPECTED...BUT A LIFE AFTER DEATH...THAT PERMITS HER TO SEE, TO HEAR, TO WONDER!



MISERY AND SHOCK
MIDDLE TOGETHER
IN THE TOAD HAG'S
MIND...THE BODY
(THAT WAS ONCE
HERS) SHUDDERS
AND GROPE FORWARD
SEARCHING...SEARCHING
FOR A HEAD. A
MIND THAT THINKS,
EYES THAT CAN SEE!
THE HANDS FIND
THEIR TARGET...AND
PULL THE TEAR-
PULSING HEAD BACK
...BACK TO THE
SHOULDERS WHERE IT
RIVETS ITSELF
MIRACULOUSLY...AND
THE MESS THAT WAS
LIVING DEATH NOW
BECOMES...AS ONE
IN FORM...AND
IN LIFE!



WHAT GRIM IMPOSSIBILITY
IS THIS... I AM ALIVE
YET NO ONE SEES ME...NO
ONE PAYS ANY ATTENTION
THEY LOOK TO THE
GUILLOTINE FOR THE
NEXT DEATH!

IS THIS WHAT THEY
CALL AFTERLIFE? I
FEEL NO PAIN--NO
AGONY--EXCEPT
IN MY MIND!





AND SOON YOU **SHALL** KNOW
WRETCHED OLD HAG, AS
YOU BEGIN YOUR **DESCENT...**
YOU **SINK** INTO THE VERY
GROUND ITSELF, YOU **GRASP**
FOR SUPPORT CLUTCHING
NOTHING BUT **AIR...** MEANING-
LESS **AIR...** AND STILL YOU
SINK... DOWN...DOWN...INTO
THE VERY **BOWELS** OF THE
EARTH!



THE EARTH **WELCOMES** YOU...
CUSHIONS YOUR **DESCENT**
AND CARESSES YOUR DECAY-
ING BODY IN **MOCKERY...**
YOU ARE CHOKING...AND
SUFFER...AND CLUTCH
YOUR THROAT **PLEADING**
FOR **AIR...** FOR YOU CANNOT
BREATHE...AND YET YOU
CANNOT DIE!



AND WHERE THE GROUND...
AND EARTH **END...** DEEP WITH-
IN THE WORLD'S VERY **CORE...**
YOU FALL THROUGH THE
NOTHINGNESS THAT SURROUNDS
YOU. GREAT MONSTROUS **BATS**
HOVER ABOUT AND, RUDELY
AWAKENED FROM THEIR
SLEEP OF AGES, CRASH BLINDLY
ABOUT YOUR HELPLESS FORM
NOW BATTERED AND BRUISED...



TARTARUS WELCOMES
YOU...MADAM! I
TRUST YOUR TRIP HAS
BEEN AS UNCOM-
FORTABLE AS WE
INTENDED IT BE!
I AM **VOGT...**
EXECUTIVE
ASSISTANT
TO HIS
MAJESTY
SATHANAS!
THIS, MADAME
...AS YOU MAY
HAVE
PRESUMED...
IS **HELL!**



AND WHEN YOU **DO** STOP
FALLING...YOU ARE SUR-
ROUNDED BY **NOTHING!**
YOU SCREAM...AND NO
ONE HEARS YOU...SAVE
THE INCREDIBLE NIGHT-
BIRDS OF DEATH WHO
STIFLE THE VERY AIR YOU
NOW BREATHE...UNTIL
THERE APPEARS BEFORE
YOU A VILE HUNCHED
DWARF...CURIOUS AND
OBSCENE...WHO SILENCES
THE LOUD CLATTERING OF
WINGS AND YOUR CRIES...
AND YOU LISTEN!





THE GROTTO OF HELL!
GROTESQUE--HORRID--UN-
CANNY BEYOND MORTAL
IMAGINATION...WHERE THE
DEAD DWELL IN AN ETERNITY
OF TORTURE AND ANGUISH...
WHERE FREEDOM IS
BANISHED...WHERE THE
INDIVIDUAL IS BUT LITERALLY
A NUMBER, ON A CAGE...
WHERE SATAN RULES
WITH AN IRON FIST!



THE GROTTO OF HELL! WHERE TIME
STANDS STILL AND YET REACHES OUT
IN ALL DIRECTIONS...INTO THE DEEP
AND MISTY AGES OF YESTERDAY...AND
FAR INTO THE WAR RIDDEN UNKNOWN
OF TOMORROW! IT IS UNBEARABLE FOR
A WOMAN SO OLD, SO FRAIL...SHE FEELS
AGONY IN THE LIFELESS HEART IN THE
LIFELESS SPIRITUAL BODY! YET SHE
CAN SAY NOTHING...**DO** NOTHING
HERE...LESS IT BE SANCTIONED BY THE
DEVIL HIMSELF!



BUT WAIT...THERE ARE
NO PEOPLE...**NO PEOPLE!**
WHERE CAN THEY BE? IS
THIS NOT A CITY...OR IS IT
EXACTLY WHAT IT APPEARS
TO BE...SOME KIND OF
INCREDIBLE CRYPT OF THE
FORGOTTEN DEAD!

IN THE GRIME
AND CAKED DUST
OF HELL ITSELF
SATAN HIMSELF
IS UNSEEN...YET
HE IS ALWAYS
PRESENT...ALWAYS
ON THE LIPS OF
EVERY DESPERATE
SOUL WHO INHABITS
THIS ISLE OF
DAMNATION! HE
IS SERVED BY
MANY ASSISTANTS
WHO, CONTEMPTABLE
EVEN TO THEIR
OWN KIND ARE
HIDEOUSLY DE-
FORMED DEVILISH
ASSISTANTS WHO
HAVE SWORN THEIR
ALLEGIANCE TO
HATE...TERROR...
DESPOTISM AND FEAR.
THE TOAD HAG HAS
ALREADY MET ONE
SUCH GAUNT EXCUSE
FOR HUMANITY...HE
WHO IS CALLED...
VOGT...NOW SHE
MEETS ANOTHER...
THE HAGGARD
DRAKKOS!



I'LL FOLLOW YOU NOWHERE UNTIL I FIND OUT MORE
...UNTIL I HAVE AN EXPLANATION! WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
...WHERE ARE ALL THE PEOPLE...TELL ME...PLEASE TELL ME!



YOU WILL COME WITH ME WHETHER YOU WISH TO OR NOT!

THIS IS A SPIRITUAL WORLD...YOUR BODY, YOUR MIND, YOUR VERY BEING IS ENTIRELY SPIRITUAL! YOU SENSE THE SAME THINGS YOU DID IN LIFE!

BUT DO NOT FOOL YOURSELF! YOU ARE DEAD!

BUT YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED ME...WHERE...WHERE ARE THE PEOPLE?

THEY ARE IN THEIR...SHALL WE SAY PRIVATE ROOMS! NO ONE IS PERMITTED TO VENTURE OUT!

BUT COME, YOUR TOUR IS ALMOST OVER UNTIL THE MASTER DECIDES TO SEE YOU AND HEAR YOUR CAGE...YOU MUST JOIN THE OTHERS...ALSO AWAITING JUDGMENT!

DRAKKOS...
DENIZEN OF THE DEATH WORLD, EPITOME OF ABSOLUTE EVIL...LEADS THE BEWILDERED HAG TO HER CAGE...ONE IN THE MIST OF THOUSANDS STACKED MILE HIGH LIKE SO MANY CARIONS IN A WAREHOUSE! THE EAR-PIERCING SHRIEKS AND CRIES OF HER FELLOWS DEAFENS HER... AND HER MISERY OVERTAKES THE NOW SUDDEN REALIZATION OF THE REALITY OF DEATH!

MADAM...ENTER YOUR CAGE... THEN AWAIT YOUR CALL BY THE MASTER!

YOU CAN'T PUT ME IN THERE...IT'S UNIMAGINABLE!

GET IN THERE... YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN ACCORDED UNPRECEDENTED PRIVILEGES... SO JUST TO GET IN THERE AND SHUT UP!



LIKE THE INFAMOUS INSTRUMENT OF MEDIEVAL TORTURE THIS UPDATED **SPIKE BOX** SERVES ITS MASTER FAR BETTER THAN ITS PREDECESSOR...FOR THIS COFFIN--CUSHIONED FROM EVERY ANGLE BY DEEP AND BITING FOUR INCH SPIKES--IS DESIGNED TO TORTURE THE **LIVING DEAD**...THOSE WHO CANNOT PRAY FOR DEATH...THOSE WHO CAN ONLY WAIT...AND ENDURE...THE **ETERNAL AGONY!**

TIME PASSES...SLOWLY...TEARS NOW FESTER SORES IN THE OPEN CUTS IN HER FLESH... TIME HAS NO MEANING, NO SUBSTANCE...THEN SHE IS PAID A VISIT...



WELL, WOMAN...THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME FOR YOUR...AUDIENCE!



SO CONFINED HAS SHE BEEN, SO RESTRICTED IN MOVEMENT TO ONLY AN INCH HERE...AN INCH THERE...THAT SHE CAN SCARCELY MOVE! HER BONES HAVE MOLDED INTO A FIXED POSITION, HER LEGS WILL HARDLY MOVE...AND SO HER NEW FOUND FREEDOM IS NOT A BLESSING...BUT A NIGHTMARE!



COME QUICKLY...DON'T STUMBLE! THE MASTER AWAITS...AND HIS TIME IS VALUABLE! IF WE ARE NOT PROMPT WE WILL BOTH SUFFER HIS WRATH!

HERE SHE IS...MASTER! THE NEWEST ACQUISITION! HER NAME IS MADAM DU SADE!

WELCOME...WELCOME! HAS DRAKKOS SHOWN YOU OUR CHAMBER YET...HAVE YOU DECIDED WHAT YOU WANT?

I'VE BEEN SHOWN NOTHING...I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT A...CHAMBER...

AH WELL THEN...YOU HAVE A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU...NOT A PLEASANT ONE I REGRET...BUT NEVERTHELESS A GENUINE FIRST RATE SURPRISE!

EVERY RESIDENT HAS A PRIVATE HELL! THE THING ONE FEARS MOST...

WITH MANY IT IS QUITE COMMON... RATS, SNAKES, EVEN SPIKES... THINGS OF THAT SORT! BUT WITH SOME...THE BRAND OF PUNISHMENT IS UNIQUE!

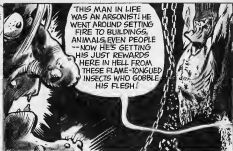
COME... I'LL SHOW YOU...





GORRY FOR ALL THESE
DRAMATICS...THE CASTLE
WALLS, THE OLD
OAKEN DOOR...

BUT OUR... RESIDENTS
LIKE THIS ATMOSPHERE
...MAKES DEATH AND
HELL SEEM QUITE
COMPLETE!



THIS MAN IN LIFE
WAS AN ARSONIST! HE
WENT AROUND SETTING
FIRE TO BUILDINGS,
ANIMALS EVEN PEOPLE
--NOW HE'S GETTING
HIS JUST REWARDS
HERE IN HELL FROM
THESE FLAME-TONGUED
INSECTS WHO GORBLE
HIS FLESH!



EVERY SO OFTEN THE RATS
GNAWING ON THAT ROPE
BREAK THROUGH
AND THAT WRETCHED WOMAN
SUDDENLY HAS STABBING PAINS
IN THE HEART...

...BUT IT HEALS UP QUICKLY
...SPIRITUAL BODIES ALL
HEAL QUICKLY...READY FOR
THE NEXT ROUND OF
TORTURES!



IN LIFE THAT FELLOW WAS
A PRACTICAL JOKER...
HE WENT AROUND PLAYING
FIENDISH PRANKS ON HIS
FRIENDS...ONE BACKFIRE
AND HIS BEST FRIEND
DIED!

HIS PUNISHMENT DOESN'T END WITH THE HANGMAN'S
NOOSE FOR HERE HE THINKS ALL THOSE WRITHING
HANDS AND TWITCHING FINGERS ARE HIS
FRIENDS SEEKING THEIR REVENGE!



HORRIBLE IS IT? HA! HA!
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE
TO JOIN HIM?

NO! NO! PLEASE...IN
HEAVEN'S NAME NO...
PLEASE!!

YOU'LL PAY
THE SUPREME
PUNISHMENT...
FOR EVEN
MENTIONING
THAT OTHER
PLACE!



YOU'LL ROT, WOMAN... ROT
IN ETERNITY! TILL YOUR
MISERABLE CARCASS
SMELLS LIKE
MANURE!

BUT I'M INNOCENT...
I'M INNOCENT... I'VE DONE
NOTHING TO DESERVE
THIS... NOTHING...

YOU'LL PAY THE SUPREME
PUNISHMENT ALL RIGHT...
ETERNAL LONELINESS...



HE WOULDN'T
LISTEN TO ME...
NO ONE LISTENS
TO ME HERE...

AND SO SHE IS LEFT ALONE... BUT TO ENDURE THE MOST INHUMAN
PUNISHMENT OF ALL... LONELINESS AND THE BURDEN OF THE MIND!



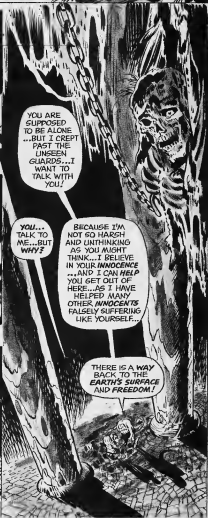
LEFT TO ROT, HE SAYS...
IN THIS MISERABLE
HOLE IN THE GROUND
SPAWNED OF THE
DAMNATION OF
SOLITUDE... I'LL
GO INSANE!

SHE DOES NOT SEE THE EYES WATCHING LIKE A SILENT DEMON IN
THE DARKNESS! EYES THAT ARE CRUEL AND WITHOUT A HUMAN
SHRED OF EMOTION...



WILL YOU NOW... SUCH
A SHAME... BUT PERHAPS
I CAN AID YOU...

VOST... WHERE
DID YOU COME
FROM... I THOUGHT
I WAS ALONE!



YOU ARE
SUPPOSED
TO BE ALONE
...BUT I CREEPT
PAST THE
UNSEEN
GUARDS... I
WANT TO
TALK WITH
YOU!

YOU...
TALK TO
ME... BUT
WHY?

BECAUSE I'M
NOT SO HARSH
AND UNTHINKING
AS YOU MIGHT
THINK... I BELIEVE
IN YOUR INNOCENCE
...AND I CAN HELP
YOU GET OUT OF
HERE... AS I HAVE
HELPED MANY
OTHER INNOCENTS
FALSELY SUFFERING
LIKE YOURSELF...

THERE IS A WAY
BACK TO THE
EARTH'S SURFACE
AND FREEDOM!

CAN IT REALLY BE THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF CAN BE THWARTED?
THAT SATAN IS A FOOL?... THAT HIS EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT IS IN
LIASON WITH THE FORCES OF... GOOD?

AT LAKE AVERNUS, IN ITALY IS A CRATER LAKE, JOINED TO THE UNDERGROUND STYGIAN CREEK, AN INSURMOUNTABLE BARRIER TO THOSE WHO WOULD ENTER...BUT NOT TO THOSE WHO WOULD LEAVE.

I WILL GIVE YOU DIRECTIONS TO REACH IT FROM HERE...BUT TO BE RE-UNITED WITH YOUR EARTH BODY...TO BECOME AS ONE AGAIN IN THE WORLD OF PHYSICAL BEINGS...YOU MUST KNOW THE UNHOLY INCANTATION!

ON THE SURFACE YOU MUST STAY SATAN...MASTER OF NONE...SCOURGE TO NO ONE BUT HIMSELF...I HAVE BECOME FREED IN SOUL AND SPIRIT...I DEMAND THE RESTITUTION OF LIFE, THEN YOU WILL BECOME ONE!

VOST WAS ACCURATE IN HIS MAPPING OF HER ROUTE...IT WOULD TAKE HER DAYS OF TIRING TRAVEL...OF ENDLESS JOURNEY! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT...IT WAS FREEDOM!



THE SPIRITUAL BODY NEEDS NO NOURISHMENT...NO FOOD OR DRINK TO KEEP IT ALIVE...BUT EVEN SO THERE IS MORTAL SUFFERING IN THE AGONIZING ENDLESS STRUGGLE FOR THE SURVIVAL OF SANITY...THE TOAD HAG RUNS INTO THE MONSTROUS RATS AGAIN WHO SEEK AFTER RAW FLESH AND COLD UNLIVING BLOOD...

AT LAST...THE LAST BARRIER...THE RIVER STYX...IF I CAN MAKE IT ACROSS WITHOUT BEING TRAPPED IN THE EVER ENCIRCLING MAELSTROM I'LL REACH THE SURFACE...





WHIRLPOOL MAELSTROM...
ALMOST DRAGGING ME IN...
...MUST KEEP FIGHTING!



AN OPENING...
IN THE ROCK...
MUST BE...
EARTH'S
SURFACE... IF
I CAN KEEP
FIGHTING TOWARD
IT!



EARTH!...
LIGHT...
THE SUN
STREAMING
DOWN... IT
FEELS GOOD
TO BE ALIVE
AGAIN!

AND SO IT APPEARS THAT SATAN IS A FOOL... TO BE TRICKED SO EASILY BY ONE OF HIS CHARGES! THE TOAD HAS HAS REACHED THE EARTH'S SURFACE... HAS ESCAPED FROM THE VERY CORE OF THE EARTH ITSELF... AND FROM THE NOW SCOWLING SATAN AS SHE UTTERS THE WORDS THAT FORCES THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS TO FREE HER FROM HIS HOLD ON HER...



NOW FOR THE
INCANTATION...
TO BECOME A
HUMAN BEING
AGAIN...

SATAN, MASTER
OF NONE... SCOURGE
OF NO ONE BUT HIS
CONTEMPTABLE SELF...
I HAVE FOUGHT AND
FREED MYSELF IN
SOUL AND SPIRIT...
NOW I DEMAND MY
FREEDOM... RELEASE
MY SOUL AND GIVE
ME LIFE!!

AND SATAN GRINS A GHASTLY SMILE, FOR HIS WORK IS DONE... HIS EVIL HAS TAKEN ROOT AND FORMED INTO THE GROTESQUE SEMI-LIFE THAT ROTS IN THE EARTH-BOUND MENTAL ASYLUM KNOWN AS BEDLAM!



"I WARNED HER, HER CARCASS WOULD ROT UNTIL IT SMELLED LIKE MANURE!" SATAN DREW DEEP A BREATH OF SATISFACTION, "SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME, DID SHE YOGT... THAT EVERYONE HAS THEIR OWN PECULIAR BRAND OF PRIVATE HELL!"



"THEY NEVER BELIEVE ME!" AYE MASTER, SPAT THE HIDEOUS DWARF TRAITOR, "AND YOGT HAS AGAIN SERVED YOU WELL... LETTING HER THINK SHE WAS ESCAPING TO FREEDOM AND UNITY WITH HER BODY!"



"SHE THINKS SHE IS INNOCENT? HAH... INNOCENT... NO ONE IS INNOCENT, YOGT... NO ONE! AND SO SHE SHALL SUFFER IN HER OWN HELL... THE HELL SHE CHOSE FOR HERSELF... FOR HAD SHE NOT BEEN SO INCREDIBLY STUPID SHE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT HER BODY COULD NOT HAVE BEEN RE-UNITED WITH HER HEAD... THAT THE GUILLOTINED HEADS ARE CHOPPED UP... AND USED AS DOG MEAT!"



THE END

AND SATAN, BOWING LOW HIS GRAY DISSIMULATION, DISAPPEARED! THE TOAD HAG LIVES... FOR EVEN AS SATAN HAS HIS VILE BEDLAM AFTER THE GRAVE... WE ON EARTH-SIDE HAVE OUR OWN BEDLAM... THE ASYLUM FOR THE INCURABLY INSANE! AND IS THERE MAN ALIVE WHO WOULD DARE TO QUESTION THAT THE NOTORIOUS TOAD HAG OF PARIS DU COMITÉ REFORME IS CURABLE?... FOR THE WRITHING IDIOT CHAINED TO BEDLAM IS HEADLESS... AND DECAPITATION IS INCURABLE!

NOW ON SALE
GET IT AT YOUR HORROR-MOOD
MAGAZINE STORE

TOMORROW THE SNOWMAN WILL KILL YOU!

PSYCHO



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THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS

...WITH
CROSSES!

YAAAAA

LORD...
LOOK AT HIM!

...FLESH
AND BONE IS
GROWING ON HIM...
NATURE IS TWISTING
EVERYTHING INTO
REVERSE...

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